UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

Episode #11.

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11:30 to 12:30 P.M. C.S.T. MARCH 17, 1932 THURSDAY

ANNOUNCER: We present "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers."

(ORCHESTRA:QUARTET)

ANNOUNCER: The men whose job it is to keep the national forests green and growing are with us again today. Ranger Jim Robbins, the veteran forester in charge of the Pine Cone Ranger District, and his new assistant, Jerry Quick, have been at work this week finishing up their plans for spring tree planting, scaling logs at the timber sale, and receiving applications for permits to graze livestock on the national forest.

We understand that Jerry has been in low spirits lately, since he got in wrong with the school teacher, Mary Halloway, last week --

But let's see what they are doing today. Here are Jim and Jerry, both hard at work in the office of the Pine Cone Ranger Station --

(SOUND OF TYPEWRITER CLICKING A FEW MOMENTS THEN STOPS)

JERRY: Well, that finishes that, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Good. -- It's sure a help to have someone here who can do tricks on one of these ornery typewriting machines. Before you came up here, it used to take me about three times as long to hammer out a report-- besides spoiling my disposition.

JERRY: Well, I'm no expert on the typewriter, but I can make a little speed. -- Let's see, I've got to date this report yet. -- Where's a calendar?

JIM: Today's the seventeenth of Ireland.

JERRY: That's right-- it's St. Patricks's day, isn't it?

JIM: (chuckles) You couldn't have missed knowing it if you'd seen old Pat Callahan down the road this morning. He had a green necktie on that you could see a mile a way ---

JERRY: Who's Pat Callahan?

JIM: He's a foreman down at the lumber yard. -- (chuckles) I asked him why he didn't run the snakes out of this neck of the woods like they ran them out of Ireland.

JERRY: What did he say?

JIM: "Well," he said, "all ye need is a few more Irishmen here, b'gorra, and we'd do it."

JERRY: (laughs) -- Say, are there many snakes up in this forest?

JIM: Not so many as there used to be. -- (Chuckles) I've heard about one time in the early days when old Paul Bunyan was in this country. He was sittin' under a tree, and he hears a noise like the whine of a band saw going through a knot. Well, he starts investigating and pretty soon he locates the noise coming from a big hole in the ground. The hole turns out to be plum full of rattle snakes - a mama snake and her whole family. The noise was their tails rattlin', and they were wiggling around so fast that they made smoke rubbin' against each other.

JERRY: How big were the snakes?

JIM: Well, the littlest ones were only about six axhandles long, but the old Mama turned out to be pretty fair size, -- when Paul started hauling her out by the tail.--

JERRY: Oh -- he hauled her out by the tail!

JIM: Yeah. -- It took him about a half hour of pulling hand over hand to get to her head -- and I guess it made the old snake pretty mad, with him pulling on 'er that way.--

JERRY: (laughs) I should think it would.

JIM: Well, anyway -- when he got 'er all out, she coiled up ready to strike at him, so they tell me, but instead of running away, Paul just waited till she lunged for him and then he ducked. -- Well, sir, the snake was going so fast that when she missed him and reached the end of her strike, her head snapped right off -- and it didn't stop rolling for three counties. (Jerry laughs) -- So you see, the little snakes were left orphans --

JERRY: So they were. What happened to them?

JIM: Well, Paul put 'em out of their misery by scraping up a couple of acres of dirt with his boot and filling the hole -- but the snake poison that seeped out of the ground there killed off every living tree for a long ways around. -- At least, that's what some of the old timers around here say is the reason why the Bald Hills haven't anything but a little wire grass on them now.

JERRY: I've heard people wonder why no trees grow on those hills with good timber all around. So <u>that's</u> the <u>official</u> explanation is it?

JIM: Well. -- Of course, another reason might be that it was burned over about thirty years ago, and then some campers let another fire get away up in there in 1916 and it finished the job.

JERRY: That probably had something to do with it. It's a bad burn, all right.

JIM: There's too many bad burns in this country, Jerry. When you consider that there were over a hundred and ninety thousand separate forest fires in this country in 1930 -- and nearly ninety per cent of them were caused by man - mostly by just plain carelessness - it looks like a lot of people haven't learned the first lesson in conservation yet. Doesn't it?

JERRY: I should say it does. A hundred and ninety thousand forest fires in one year? Gee!

JIM: That's what the report from headquarters in Washington showed.

JERRY: Gosh! -- What was the total damage? Do you remember?

JIM: I think it was about sixty million dollars. I've got a copy of the report right here in my desk. -- Let's see. Yeah. Sixty-five million dollars.

JERRY: Gee! That's a lot of money to go up in smoke in one year, isn't it?

JIM: Yeah. It's plenty, all right. And that doesn't figure in the loss of game and fish, or of young tree growth, or watershed values at that. Those are intangible values and you can't very well figure them in dollars and cents.

JERRY: I'll bet they'd come to plenty too. That was year before last, you say?

JIM: Yes.

JERRY: Have you got last year's report yet?

JIM: No. It hasn't come out yet. But I reckon it won't make a much better showing. The boys had a tough time of it last year in some of the regions, -- especially in the Northwest.

JERRY: I remember reading about it in the papers.

JIM: Well, maybe the young generation of kids coming on will be able to show a better record when they grow up. The present-day record of man-caused fires certainly ain't any credit to their ma's and pa's.

JERRY: It certainly isn't.

JIM: There, I got going on my pet peeve again -- carelessness with fire. -- Let's see, we were talking about snakes, weren't we?

JERRY: Yes.

JIM: Nice inspiring subject. Well, I reckon that story I was telling you about the nest of snakes might have been just a little bit exaggerated.

JERRY: I guess it was -- a "little bit."

JIM: By my old friend Glen Smith - he's the Forest Service grazing chief in Montana -- tells for a fact about one time when he was riding on the spring roundup along the Missouri-River breaks, and he came across a wash in the sandstone formation, about thirty feet deep, with the bottom just one mass of rattlers -- seething and wiggling around all over each other.

JERRY: Gee, that must have been a sight.

JIM: Yeah. -- Glen says he and his pardners fixed up some bombs by wrapping baling wire around sticks of dynamite, and threw them into the wash and sent the whole mess to the eternal bow-wows.

BESS: (entering) Well, I declare. Is Jim telling stories again?

JIM: Oh, hello, Bess. I don't know what got me started. -- I reckon it must have been Jerry.

BESS: Now don't blame Jerry. I know you, Jim. It doesn't take much to start you going on a story.

JIM: Sort of a self-starter, maybe.-- We were talking about snakes, Bess.

BESS: My! Is <u>that</u> all you can find to talk about? -- I'm leaving right now.

JIM: No, wait a minute, Bess. I was just going to tell one that Bill Freer told about -- You'll enjoy this, Bess.--

BESS: All right. -- It's not the most pleasant subject in the world, though.

JIM: No, maybe not -- But anywhow, Bill tells about a fellow that was staying with his wife and baby girl in a cabin up in the Stanislaus Forest. One morning he heard a peculiar noise in the cabin, and when he started investigating, he found his little girl trying to make friends with a big rattlesnake behind the kitchen door. ---

BESS: Ooh. Horrible!

JIM: Well, he grabbed the girl out of the way. -- Then he got his automatic pistol and emptied it at the snake -- eight shots -- and they all missed --

JERRY: He must have been nervous.

JIM: I reckon so. -- Then he grabbed a thirty-thirty rifle and fired nine more shots at the snake -- and they all missed. -- Next he picked up a shotgun - an automatic - and emptied that at the snake -- five shots -- all missed --

JERRY: Some shot!

JIM: Well, by that time, he'd used up all his artillery, so he ran out and got a shovel, and made a pass at the snake -- and broke the handle of the shovel --

BESS: Well, what finally happened?

JIM: (chuckles) Well, then his wife walked up and calmly stepped on the snake's head with the heel of her shoe -- and killed it.

JERRY: (laughs) Good for her!

BESS: There. You see. What would you men do without us women?

JIM: (chuckles) Well, we'd better not go into that subject -- Jerry suppose you chase down to the post office and get the mail.

JERRY: All right. -- Do you want anything at the store while I'm there, Mrs. Robbins?

BESS: No-o, I guess not, Jerry. Thanks.

JERRY: Okay -- (going off) I'll be right back --

(SOUND OF DOOR)

BESS: Jerry seems in better spirits today, doesn't he?

JIM: So he does, Bess. -- It's about time. He's been moping around all week, since the school ma'm froze up on him.

BESS: Do you suppose he and Mary have made up yet?

JIM: It doesn't look like it. -- (chuckles) She went sailing past here this morning on her way to school, with her nose way up in the air.

BESS: Well, I hope they make up before long.

JIM: By the way, this fellow Bundy seems to be making up to Jerry lately.

BESS: Mike Bundy? He ought to stay away from that man!

JIM: It looks like Bundy's soft-soaping the kid. I saw them talking together down the road yesterday. -- The old codger's up to something all right.

BESS: You ought to tell Jerry to have nothing to do with him.

JIM: Well, I guess I'd better tell the boy to go easy, at least. --

BESS: I hope you will, Jim. -- Well, I guess I'd better start getting dinner.

JIM: All right, Bess.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF DOOR)

JERRY: (entering) Say, Mr. Robbins --

JIM: Hello. It certainly took you a long time. -- Got the mail?

JERRY: Yes, here it is. -- Say, Mr. Robbins -- I -- I bought a horse.

JIM: You bought a horse?

JERRY: Yes, sir. It's the first horse I've ever owned -- and it's a dandy!

JIM: Hmm.-- I thought I told you to take your time about getting a horse.

JERRY: I know, but -- I want one of my own, you know -- to ride around town, and everything.

JIM: Yeah, I see. You want to cut a handsome figure prancing up and down in front of the school house, so as to melt the heart of the school teacher, eh?

JERRY: Well -- no -- but --

JIM: Who did you buy it from?

JERRY: Uh -- from Mr. Bundy.

JIM: (sharply) Mike Bundy? You bought a horse from Mike, eh?

JERRY: Well -- uh -- Bundy's been real friendly lately. You wouldn't know him -- I've seen him several times -- and he told me about this horse.

JIM: Uh huh? Real friendly, was he? Have you paid for the horse?

JERRY: Why, yes. It was a cash deal. That's how I got it so cheap -- He said I ought to keep the price under my hat because the horse is really worth a lot more and it might spoil the sale if I wanted to sell him any time at his true value.

JIM: Uh huh? Sounds like Bundy. Did you look the horse over carefully before you bought him, Jerry?

JERRY: Oh, yes, Mr. Bundy picked up his front feet so I could see how gentle he is and opened his mouth. He's high spirited.

JIM: How old is he?

JERRY: At least five years old, Bundy said.

JIM: Has he got all his cups?

JERRY: (Uncertainly) Yeah, uh -- Mr. Bundy opened his mouth to show me he had cups in his teeth. I couldn't see them very well, but Bundy said they would prove what he said about the horse's age.

JIM: I reckon that statement may prove technically correct -- where's the horse now?

JERRY: Out in the barn. I turned Zipper out in the yard and put him in his stall. I thought Zipper wouldn't mind. He's used to running out.

JIM: Yeah, that's all right. We'll just turn Zipper into the hay corrall. There's shelter there.

JERRY: Come on, Mr. Robbins, let's have a look at my new horse!

JIM: All right. --

JERRY: (calls) Mrs. Robbins -- Come and see my new horse!

BESS: (off) New horse? -- I'm coming.

(SOUND OF DOOR)

JIM: You should have consulted me on this, Jerry.

JERRY: I know, but -- it's a good-looking horse -- Bundy was asking a hundred dollars for it, but he let me have it for seventy-five.

JIM: Seventy-five, eh?---

BESS: (coming up) What's this? Has Jerry a new horse?

JIM: Yeah. Let's take a look at what Jerry brought home with him, Bess.

BESS: Did he buy the horse?

JIM: Yes, bought it from Mike Bundy.

BESS: Jerry! You ought to know better than to have any dealings with that Mike Bundy.

JERRY: Yes, but wait till you see the horse, Mrs. Robbins. He's a beauty!

(SOUND OF UNLOCKING PADLOCK, RATTLE OF CHAIN, CREAK OF HEAVY HINGES)

JIM: You've got the barn locked up tight. I never lock the barn when I'm at home.

JERRY: I know -- I never thought about it before, but I just wondered whether there wasn't a chance of losing a valuable horse. -- There, see? (enthusiastically) Isn't that a goodlooking horse?

JIM: So this is the horse, eh?

BESS: Oh, he is a good-looking horse, Jerry.

(SOUND OF HORSE STEPPING ABOUT IN THE STALL)

JIM: Here, better stand away, Jerry. I wouldn't get behind him. We don't know much about him yet.

JERRY: Look how lively his step is. That shows he's a young horse, doesn't it?

JIM: You can't tell anything by that, Jerry. Let's have a look at his teeth. Let's see the cups. ---

JERRY: What do they mean by his cups?

JIM: Well, when a young horse gets his full set of point teeth they have dark cups in 'em. See? The cups gradually disappear as the teeth wear down, but as long as the cups are there you know the horse is still in his prime.

JERRY: I see -- I'll just back him out of the stall so we can see his

(SOUND OF HORSE PRANCING)

JIM: Look out, Jerry! Whoa, Steady there.

JERRY: Whoa now. Whoa now.

(SOUND OF HORSE PLUNGING AND BUMPING THE STALL)

JERRY: What's the matter with him?

JIM: He's getting ornery. -- Get up there! Get up. -- (Shouts) Look out Bess, he's coming out!

(SOUND OF HORSE LUNGING OUT OF BARN AND GALLOPING OFF)

JERRY: (Excitedly) Gee! What made him pull back like that?

JIM: Doggone! Tore that halter all to pieces.

BESS: My, I thought he'd tear the barn down. Did he kick you, Jerry?

JERRY: No, I jumped up in the manger. -- Gosh! It looked like he was going to pull his head right off. I never saw a horse act like that before. What do you suppose made him run away?

JIM: I guess it's one of his tricks.

JERRY: Then you think he's a mean horse?

JIM: He sure is. I remember that old critter, now, all right. I got a better look at him as he went out the door. He's been running on the range for ten years that I know of. -- Let him go for the time being, Jerry.

BESS: (worried) Jim, what are you going to do?

JIM: Well, we'll round him up after a spell and see what we can do with him.

BESS: My, he's a mean one, isn't he?

JERRY: Well, Mr. Robbins -- (forced laugh) -- I guess I showed myself up for a greenhorn that time. -- I should have asked Mr. Robbins first, but -- I--I wanted a horse -- a lot --

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

ANNOUNCER:

Well, folks, I guess Jerry learned something today -- if experience is any teacher.

Forest Ranger Jim Robbins asks me to thank all of you who have written letters to him. It is very gratifying, he says, to learn that so many are enjoying this program and are interested in the work the rangers are doing for the conversation, protection and development of the nation's forests. It is a work of vital importance to the welfare of this country, as you all will realize.

Tune in again next Thursday at this hour, when Ranger Jim and Jerry will be with us again. "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" is a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture.

The role of Ranger Jim Robbins is played by Harvey Hays. Today's cast also included:

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